

# the wailing alien

A story of  
many epic issues



by Melissa Ruegger

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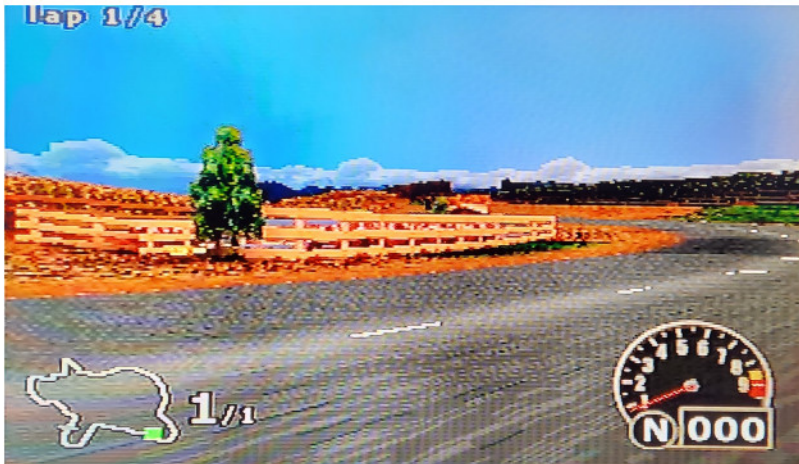
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The author of this book would like to thank her favorite Tiny Toons character "Plucky Duck". Plucky Duck was the author's favorite character and used it as an inspiration for this book, along with some characters from the Walt Disney Pictures animated films and cartoon features to use as supporting roles. Plucky Duck was a good choice because it was the author's idea and thoughts for this book



## **Chapter 1: A Fire at the Farm**

It is a fact that most young people do not live on goat farms. It is also true that even fewer young people know how to make cheese. And it is for these reasons that Plucky Duck was a highly unusual boy. He grew up on a bustling goat farm called Hog Hollow Farm. It was here that he helped his aunt make a rare type of cheese called Runny Cucumber cheese.



Plucky had always been a happy boy. He was an orphan - which, of course, was very hard on him. But his parents died when he was very young and his aunt raised him from when he first learned to walk.

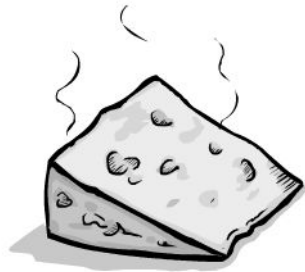
#### Plucky's Aunt Winnie

"Pig" was a fairly cranky woman, but she loved Plucky dearly. She was very old. She was abnormally tall. And she was entirely devoted to one thing: making cheese. It was the great love of her life.

"People say I'm crazy," she would tell Plucky. "But cheese is the single most important thing in the world."

Plucky never felt this was quite true. There were plenty of things more important than cheese - you see, Plucky dreamed of being a actor when he grew up. But Aunt Winnie "Pig" was what you might call single-minded. She loved cheese more than anything. So when she talked about the

wonders of her  
Runny Cucumber  
cheese, Plucky just  
nodded in  
agreement.



(Note: it's usually  
best to nod in  
agreement when  
talking to an enthusiastic and somewhat  
insane adult.) Although Plucky didn't love  
cheese as much as his aunt, he often helped out  
a little around the goat farm. There were two  
chores in particular, however, that Plucky  
really hated to do: do homework and taking  
out the trash. As soon as these chores were  
done, he liked to read a good book.  
Normally, though, Plucky spent his days  
doing mostly as he pleased. His Aunt Winnie  
"Pig" always said, "A young boy needs  
plenty of time to do absolutely nothing."

Now, there are three strange things about

Aunt Winnie "Pig" that you will need to know:

1) She loved to sleep and took naps whenever she could. She slept in the farmhouse. She liked taking naps surrounded by her goats. And she once even fell asleep in the living room.



## 2) Runny

Cucumber cheese had a very strong and very unusual smell which Aunt Winnie "Pig" loved more than anything in the

world. Lots of other people loved it, too, but not everybody! Animals, for instance, hated it - even goats. This was good, however, because the smell of the cheese was even strong enough to keep pests like mice and rats far away from the farm.

3) Aunt Winnie "Pig" had once spotted a sort of monster lurking about Hog Hollow Farm. Or at least this is what she always claimed, and she told the story to anyone who would listen.



The terrible thing that happened was that the monster or creature from outer space stole some of her Runny Cucumber cheese.

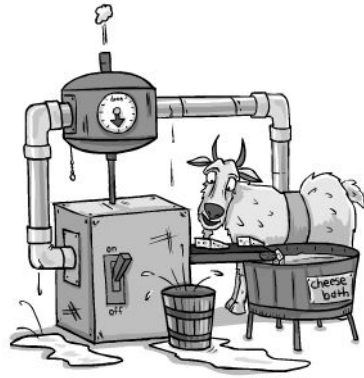
"It was the strangest thing I've ever seen," she said. "Imagine. Here was a strange creature running off with three of my cheeses!" She told the story over and over. Still, no one ever believed her - a fact she found to be very upsetting. Aunt Winnie "Pig" had done a lot of wacky things over the years, which led the townspeople to occasionally doubt her sanity.

One of the things everyone still talked about was when she took Plucky on a very long road trip. But in spite of all the crazy things his aunt sometimes did and said, Plucky always thought his aunt was loving.

At any rate, as happy as cheese made Aunt Winnie "Pig", it also caused something of a problem. Runny Cucumber cheese was very difficult to make. You had to take care of the goats. You had to operate the scientific equipment. (Yes, cheese is made with scientific equipment!) And you had to tend to the cheese as it aged.

In fact, the aging was the most difficult part. It took 3 years. And because so much work was involved, she could only make one batch at a time. During the 3 years, Aunt Winnie "Pig" would wash the cheese 6 times a day in lemonade. This produced a very unusual flavor. It was this strange combination of lemonade and goat milk that

made Aunt Winnie  
"Pig" so famous  
among the world's  
cheese lovers. Aunt  
Winnie  
"Pig" was, in fact,  
considered one of  
the greatest living  
cheese makers on Earth.



Aside from all the work, the real problem came from the fact that Aunt Winnie "Pig" made no money during the 3 years it took for the cheese to age. When she and Plucky sold the Runny Cucumber cheese, they made quite a bit of money, but it was never enough to last for 3 whole years. Usually after a couple years passed, life became very difficult. They simply ran out of cash.

And this exact problem came up one particularly cold fall day, the year that Plucky

turned ten. Aunt Winnie

"Pig" and Plucky were at the kitchen table. It was dinnertime. They were eating soup, and just as Plucky was trying to stab a carrot floating in his broth, his aunt began to look very upset. It was as though she wanted to tell Plucky something but was afraid to. Finally, his aunt gave in. She blurted,

"Oh, Plucky, we're totally broke! We have next to nothing." Aunt Winnie

"Pig" then reached into her pocket and pulled out three small coins. "This is it," she continued. "This is all the money we have."

And then she burst into tears.

The truth was that Plucky had half-expected this. He knew they were having money problems. They always did. But this time it seemed much more serious. It was very rare that he saw his aunt cry. She yelled and screamed a lot. She also liked to grumble and complain - especially about goats are not



related to pigs. But crying was something very unusual. And Plucky soon found himself on the verge of tears.

Finally, though, through her tears, Aunt Winnie "Pig" started talking again.

"We owe money to everyone in town, Plucky! The banker, Mr. Thaddeus Plotz, is going to come and ask us to pay our bills. But we have nothing to give him. And I know he won't take pity on us - he's so mean and grumpy! We might have to sell Hog Hollow Farm. We'll lose everything. The goats. The barn. The milking machines. Everything."

And with that, Aunt Winnie "Pig" stood up and ran to her room, telling Plucky she needed to be alone.



Obviously, all this was extremely alarming, and for the rest of the evening Plucky was in something of a daze. Clearly, he didn't want to lose the farm. But worse, it was unbearable to see his Aunt Winnie "Pig" so upset. The whole thing weighed very heavily on him.

That night Plucky continued to think about their situation. In fact, he had lots of trouble falling asleep. He was awake in bed for nearly two hours puzzling over it all. Where would they live if they lost Hog Hollow Farm? What would Aunt Winnie "Pig" do? Would they become factory workers or cake decorators? It was all very troubling and very strange.

But as is often the case, when one strange thing happens, another happens soon afterwards. And just as Plucky finally fell asleep, another remarkable thing occurred. At the exact moment Plucky was nodding off, he heard a deafening noise. It was like a huge clap of thunder. Plucky wondered if he

dreamed it at first. But then a strange red-yellow light came through his window. And when he looked outside, he saw a huge ring of fire burning in the goat meadow. The red-yellow flames danced high into the air, sending sparks in all directions. Plucky had never seen anything like it.



Plucky wasn't quite sure what to do at first. It would not be unusual, in fact, for Plucky to hide in his bed. He used this tactic to avoid many terrible things in his

life: math tests, broccoli, blizzards. Still, Plucky was also a fairly curious boy. So, after considering the situation for a few moments, he ran out of his room and down the stairs. In the next instant, he was at the back door, staring outside. The red-yellow ring of fire

was growing. It was really the most bizarre thing Plucky had ever seen.

Suddenly, his Aunt Winnie "Pig" appeared behind him. She had obviously been awakened as well. And this was almost as strange as the red-yellow ring of fire. Aunt Winnie "Pig" could sleep through anything. Aside from Runny Cucumber cheese, it was the thing she was most proud of in the world. She had slept through hurricanes, tornadoes, and earthquake. "my goodness," she exclaimed, after she caught her breath.

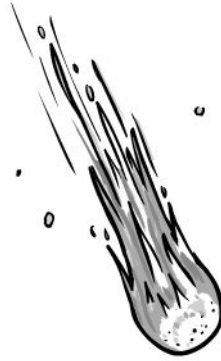
"I've never seen anything like this before."

Plucky now opened the door and stepped outside. All of a sudden, the red-yellow ring of fire rose into the air and turned into an enormous fireball. It spun around and sent huge red-yellow sparks right at Plucky and Aunt Winnie "Pig". They quickly jumped back. Then, just at that moment, they heard a

crazed scream. It  
was something like a  
pig but also like a  
whooping crane.

And then, very  
suddenly, the  
red-yellow flames  
and the alarming

scream completely disappeared. They didn't  
die down. They simply vanished. And Plucky  
and Aunt Winnie "Pig" were left alone in the  
dark wondering if this was all some kind of  
dream.



Finally, Aunt Winnie  
"Pig" spoke. "Are you all right?" she asked  
Plucky.

"I think so," Plucky replied. He was now  
most bothered by the perfect silence and the  
perfect darkness. It seemed very strange after  
all that commotion.

Aunt Winnie "Pig" stepped back into the

house for a moment and returned with a flashlight. "Let's go take a look," she said.

Plucky wasn't sure if this was such a good idea. Again, he thought he ought to just hide in bed. But his aunt was already storming into the meadow. So, after a couple of seconds, he followed.



The puzzling thing was that they found absolutely nothing. There were no burn marks on the grass. There was no smoke. There was no final

red-yellow flame dancing in the darkness.

There were nervous goats, that was true. But goats are always nervous, so that was nothing unusual.

Finally, Aunt Winnie "Pig" said, "Well, I guess it's over. We'll

take another look tomorrow, but everything seems quiet now."

A few moments later, Plucky found himself back in his room finally getting into bed. He looked outside one last time, but it was still quiet. And before long, Plucky was back underneath his covers, now thinking about two enormous problems - the fact that they had no money and the fact that, apparently, strange fiery rings were now appearing at Hog Hollow Farm.



## **Chapter 2: An Astonishing Encounter**

First thing the next morning, Plucky and his Aunt Winnie "Pig" walked through the meadow again. And just as the night before, there was no sign of the huge red-yellow ring of fire. Nothing was burned. There wasn't the smell of smoke. The only thing there was the usual bunch of skittish goats.

It was a mystery, and there wasn't much more to do about it. Plucky walked back to

the farmhouse wondering if he'd ever get to the bottom of the strange red-yellow fire. But his mind soon began to wander. He once again started thinking about losing Hog Hollow Farm, and he also began wondering what kinds of chores he'd work on with his aunt that day.

The truth was that Aunt Winnie "Pig" didn't really need Plucky's help much that morning. Aunt Winnie "Pig" did have one small favor to ask of Plucky, however. She asked him to go to the tool shed to fetch a pair of gardening shears. "I need to trim the apple trees today," she said.

Fetching gardening shears was actually harder than it sounds. The tool shed was creepy, odd, darky, and generally frightening. There also seemed to be ten thousand tools in the tool shed. Finding anything there was always very difficult. Plucky began his search by looking through a huge stack of rusted

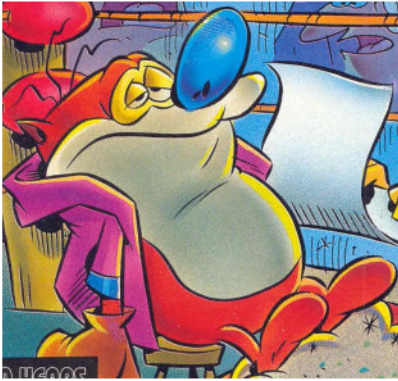


tools. He then  
looked behind a  
rake. Next, he  
examined a bucket.  
Then he poked  
around a broken  
milking machine.  
But he found  
nothing.



Just as he was wondering where to search next, he noticed something very strange. It was in a far corner of the tool shed, a far corner Plucky never, ever visited because it was particularly dark and scary. What Plucky saw was a kind of mist, and beneath the mist there was a kind of glistening piece of golden rubber. It seemed to be giving off a terrible odor. It smelled like fart gas. Plucky walked closer to get a better look, but as he approached the object, he still had no idea what it was. He put out his hand to touch it

when suddenly, in the middle of the glistening mass, two enormous eyelids opened, and two grotesque eyeballs stared directly back at him.



Plucky quickly jumped back. The creature had an enormous mouth, and Plucky was quite sure he'd soon be eaten. But just as images of being

bitten in half passed through his mind, something strange happened. The creature opened his mouth as though he was going to speak. But then he paused and suddenly burst into tears. At least Plucky thought they were tears, although he had never really seen a monster like this before.

But soon the creature began to speak, and it was clear that he was just very, very frightened. "It's very important that no one

knows this," the creature cried.  
"My name is Stimpy. I'm from planet Nicktoons. I crash-landed here. Please don't tell anyone. I don't want



them to hurt me." As Stimpy said "hurt," he burst into an even louder wail.

Plucky didn't quite know what to say. Here was some sort of hideous alien that could eat him in one bite, and he was begging for help. It was really the most upset he'd ever seen anyone. Finally, Plucky just said, "I won't tell anyone. I won't hurt you."

"I don't want them to hurt me!" the creature howled again, and then he began crying even louder. It was a kind of wild, sorrowful crying that sounded something like a cat meowing. This was all quite shocking to

Plucky. Visitors from distant planets are rarely known to weep in front of young boys. In Plucky's opinion, such aliens were more likely to pass gas on you. Or perhaps they might try to enslave you. And the story that followed was nearly as surprising.

Still weeping, Stimpie began to tell of the terrible misfortune that befell him the night before. He was escaping from a gang of alien bad



guys who wanted to capture him and lock him up. He had beamed onto Earth from a ship he was hiding on, but his landing did not quite go as smoothly as he would have liked. And instead of gently landing on Earth, he arrived at Hog Hollow Farm in a kind of fireball. "And I burned my leg terribly," he said, still

crying. "Just look at it."

Plucky looked. Frankly, it didn't seem that bad. But Stimpy was clearly distressed. He was obviously a very nervous sort of alien. And the complaining continued.

"And aside from my leg," he howled, "I'm hungry. My people have very strict diets. And we get extremely hungry very, very quickly. I haven't had a bite to eat for hours! And it's so hot here! I didn't know it would be so hot. Just look how I'm sweating!"



Plucky stared at Stimpy for a moment. He was indeed sweating terribly. A gold-colored liquid dripped off his body and hardened on the

floor beneath him. He looked very uncomfortable. But Plucky hardly knew how

to help. Finally, though, he suggested what he felt was the obvious next step.

"I think I should get my aunt," he said.

"She'll know what to do."

But at this, Stimpy started howling even louder. "No!" he wailed.

"Don't tell your aunt. She'll call the police.

They'll hurt me. They'll hurt me."

Plucky was fairly sure nothing like this would happen. But the alien was so frightened, that he decided he might wait just a bit. He could tell his aunt later.

"Why did you come here?" Plucky finally asked.

"Well, in spite of the terrible rumors about Earth (everyone on my planet believes that Earthlings have different characters), a friend of mine visited years ago and found some very interesting cheeses. He said it would be a great place for me to hide. But he didn't say how hot it was!"

"Your friend stole my aunt's cheeses!"

Plucky quickly yelled.

"No, he didn't," Stimpie replied with surprise. "The goats out there said he could help himself."

"The goats?"



"The goats.

Those white furry creatures out there. They told me the same thing. Sadly, my people can't really eat cheese, as my friend found out

- which is why I'm so hungry!"

Plucky was shocked.

"You can talk to goats?" he said.

"What do you mean?"

"The goats. You can talk to them?"

The alien paused. "You can't?"

"No," Plucky said, still amazed.

"What do they say?"

"Well, they say all sorts of things,"  
Stimpy replied. "They say just exactly what  
you'd expect them to. But can we talk about  
this later? I'm extremely hot! And I'm soooooo  
hungry!"

As the alien came to the word  
"hungry," he started crying again. Plucky  
realized that he'd have to help this alien out if  
he ever wanted any peace. It was really quite  
remarkable that this was how an alien  
life-form behaved. Plucky hardly knew what  
to expect next.





### **Chapter 3: A Quest for Food**

What was next was food although it wasn't exactly what Plucky expected. After drying his tears somewhat, Stimpy explained that the only thing he could really eat on Earth was brussels sprouts.

"Brussels sprouts?" Plucky said. Plucky despised brussels sprouts. In fact, it was the very worst food he had ever tasted.

"And I need a lot of them. 20 in fact." As

he said this, Stimpy flashed Plucky the biggest smile he could muster. It was a tall order and he knew it. How would Plucky get hold of 20 brussels sprouts?

"I'll see what I can do," Plucky finally said.

"It's a matter of health," Stimpy added. "Feed me right now!"

Soon Plucky found himself walking back to the farm house considering how to handle Stimpy's request. Plucky definitely didn't have 20 brussels sprouts at Hog Hollow Farm. He'd have to get them in the nearby town of Hog Hollow. And so, Plucky set off on his bike with a large wagon attached to the back, hoping to return soon with Stimpy's food.

There were only two people in the town of Hog Hollow who sold brussels sprouts. The first was a man named Captain Prince John, but he scared Plucky so much that buying



brussels sprouts  
from him was out of  
the question.  
Instead, Plucky  
went to see a woman  
named Ms. Helen  
White. She was  
equally strange but

not quite as terrifying.

Ms. White was unusual for several reasons. She collected all sorts of strange things, from old shoelaces to stuff for her forest animals. She also lived with eighteen Pink & White, spotted cats. They followed her wherever she went and were always close at her heels when she was tending to her enormous vegetable garden. Ms. White was also known for her wild hatred of Captain Prince John. They were the two principle vegetable growers in town and were great rivals. They called each other names. They

threw things at each other on the street. And they spread horrible gossip about one another. Ms. White also once punched Captain Prince John in the nose, although most people said he deserved it.

The most unfortunate thing about Ms. White, however, was that Plucky and his aunt owed her a great deal of money. And when Plucky finally made it to her house and ordered 20 brussels sprouts, this was exactly what she pointed out to him.

"Are you crazy!" she yelled.  
"You already owe me for a year's worth of vegetables. Now you want 20 brussels sprouts? Do you have any money?"



Needless to say, Plucky did not.

"I was hoping I could put it on our bill," he said.

Now Ms. White burst into laughter. But the laughter didn't last. She wasn't completely cruel. Finally she just said, "I'm sorry, Plucky. I need money right now too. I can't let you have the brussels sprouts. I need to sell them."

Images of a starving, weeping Stimpy passed through Plucky's mind.

"Please," he begged. "It's very important."

But Ms. White only shook her head again. "I'm afraid I can't," she said.

At last, Plucky just sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "I guess I'll have to go to the captain," he said.

Upon hearing this, however, Ms. White suddenly became wildly angry.

"The captain! That criminal! He was here last night. He stole my pink apron from my apron collection. It once belonged to a famous chef.

It's one of the most valuable things I own."

Plucky didn't know what to say. Frankly, he didn't really have time to talk to Ms. White about her strange collections. He had to help Stimpy.

"I'm sorry about the apron," Plucky finally said. "But I've got to run."

Ms. White barely heard him. She was still fuming. "I'd give anything to get my apron back from that madman," she grumbled. And then she turned and walked away.

It took Plucky about ten minutes to ride his bike to Captain Prince John's house. The captain, who was now retired, lived on a high cliff overlooking the ocean, and it was here that he grew the vegetables that he sold to people around Hog Hollow. Captain Prince John was known by everyone to be an entirely insane man. He spat at people. He threw rocks at dogs. And he liked to swim in the ocean in the middle of winter. Frankly, he was the

most frightening man Plucky knew. He was tall, had a long red beard, and always had a terrifying look in his eyes. It was the sort of look that would burn a hole through you. And this was not the sort of look that appealed to a young boy like Plucky.

The captain was best known for the wild parties he threw for all his old sailor friends. He had huge bonfires, cooked big pots of strange food, and led his fellow sailors in disturbing and indecent songs. The noise was so loud that you could hear it for miles around. But no one dared complain, because the captain was such a terrifying man.

The worst thing about the captain as far as Plucky was concerned at that moment was that it seemed very unlikely that he'd give Plucky 20 brussels sprouts. In fact, the captain reacted exactly as Plucky expected he would.

"What? You want 20 brussels sprouts!"



the captain yelled.  
Oddly, he was  
wearing Ms. White's  
pink apron, and he  
nearly tore it in half  
as he screamed.  
"You have no  
money and you want

20 brussels sprouts!"

Plucky didn't quite know how to answer.  
Finally he meekly replied,  
"Yes."

At this, the captain began stomping around,  
still grabbing his pink apron as though he was  
going to tear it to shreds. But suddenly, the  
captain's frenzy came to an abrupt halt. He  
looked down at Plucky and said, quite  
surprisingly, "How about we make a deal,  
young man."

This didn't sound good to Plucky. In fact, it  
seemed he should run home immediately. But



he had promised Stimpy, and he didn't want the alien to starve to death, after all. So all Plucky could do was swallow hard and say, "All right."

"I'm in a real pinch," the captain said.

"I'm having a bunch of my old shipmates over for a bit of a party. I promised them all clam



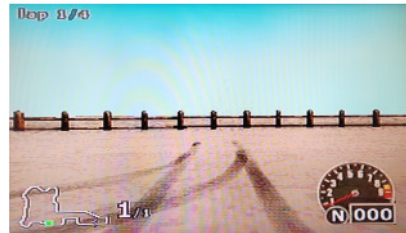
chowder. The thing is that I'm behind on the cooking. What I really need is for someone to shuck the clams. If you do that for me, I'll give you the brussels sprouts." To "shuck a clam," by the way, means to pluck it from its shell. And a "chowder" is a creamy kind of soup.

Plucky agreed. But he added, "I actually have no idea how to shuck clams."

"Don't know how to shuck clams?" Captain Prince John boomed.

"There's nothing to it! Now, I've got to finish my cleaning. Guests will be here in an hour! So get busy! The clams are around back." The captain snarled at Plucky one last time to show he was serious. Then he straightened out Ms. White's pink apron and headed back into his house.

Plucky quickly went around back to find the clams. The sun was shining brightly over the ocean, and the view from the captain's high cliff was



extremely pleasing to him. But after admiring the scenery, Plucky noticed an enormous pile of clams in the middle of the lawn. There was a wooden stool next to it. Next to that was a

gigantic pot along with a clam shucker, which looked like a short, fat knife.

Plucky groaned. "I'm deththpicable," he said to himself. Then he took a seat on the stool and picked up a clam.

As many cooks will tell you, shucking a clam is a difficult job. You need to wedge the knife into the shell. Then you need to pry the shell apart. And clams don't usually cooperate with this. After all, you're planning to eat them. So you need great skill to perform this task. It was obvious that Plucky had none of this skill. For the next hour he sat beneath the bright sunshine, looking out at the ocean, struggling to open the clams. He struggled for an entire hour but opened only five in that time - and there were at least one thousand left.

Things looked very, very bleak. Plucky began to worry that he'd never be able to get Stimp's food. But just then, five

strange-looking men walked up to Plucky. They all had long red beards. They wore filthy caps with holes in them. And they spoke in a rough way, using words that Plucky was quite sure he wasn't supposed to hear. Obviously, they were sailors there for the party.



"What are you doing there, boy?" one of the sailors yelled.

"Shucking clams," Plucky replied, with a half-opened clam in his hand. As soon

as he said this, though, the men started laughing wildly, using more strange words that were very alarming to Plucky.

"You don't seem to be doing a very good job," another sailor finally said.

"How long have you been at it?"

"An hour," Plucky said quietly.

When he said this, the five sailors immediately started laughing harder. And as they laughed, other sailors started arriving. The new sailors all asked what the joke was, and when they found out, they started laughing as well. Eventually, Plucky found himself surrounded by nearly 5 sailors, all laughing their heads off at him.

Plucky hardly knew what to do. In fact, he was now on the verge of tears. Who likes to be laughed at by 5 bearded sailors? Suddenly, though, he came up with something of an idea. He looked up at the sailors and said, "I bet none of you can shuck a clam better."

At once, the sailors became deathly silent. All sailors take great pride in their ability to shuck clams, and this was a terrible insult. After the stunned silence, the sailors then all reached into their pockets and pulled out knives. Plucky sat frozen on his stool. After all, 5 angry sailors with knives is a fairly

disturbing sight. But in the next instant, the sailors started grabbing clams from the pile and began trying to prove that they were, in fact, great clam shuckers.

For the next half-hour, Plucky watched happily as all the sailors showed off their clam-shucking skills. As the pile of clams dwindled, the pot filled up with wet clams, and the slimy shells littered the grass. This was going to be easier than Plucky thought. Just then, however, the captain came out. And he wasn't pleased.



"I WANT A CODFISH," he started yelling. He was bigger than all the other sailors and definitely meaner, so they all did exactly what he said.

"That's Plucky's job," he continued.

"He's not getting my brussels sprouts unless he shucks the clams himself!"

The sailors all looked slightly disappointed. Again, all sailors love shucking clams. But no one wanted to stand up to the captain, even if he was wearing a pink apron.

"I'm headed to my watch house to take a nap," the captain continued, pointing to a little shed that sat on the edge of the cliff.

"You'd better be done by the time I'm awake, Plucky. And if I find out one of you sailors helped him, I'll be your redskin for now on sir." And with that, the captain stormed off to the watch house.

Needless to say, the sailors were disappointed that their fun was over. But no one was more disappointed than Plucky. A lot of clams had been shucked, but half the pile was still left. Plucky didn't know how he'd get through it. Still, he got right back to work. And the next hour passed better than before. It

had helped to watch all those sailors at work. In fact, Plucky felt fairly pleased that his shucking technique was looking so much better. But at



the end of the hour, Plucky looked at the pile of clams and realized that he was never, ever going to finish. Or, if he finished, it would take three weeks. And that wasn't going to help Stimpy.

Plucky decided he had to think of something else. Just then he heard a thunderous roar coming from the watch house. It sounded like a sleeping lion. It was a puzzling sound, until Plucky finally realized it was snoring. The captain was fast asleep. And that gave Plucky an idea. Maybe if he grabbed the apron, he could bring it to Ms. White, and



she'd give him the brussels sprouts in exchange. She had said that she'd do anything to have it back.

Plucky stood up, put the clam shucker in his back pocket, and headed across the yard. In the next second, he was sneaking around the outside of the watch house. Quietly, he peered through one of the windows. There he saw the captain sleeping soundly on a little bed. He was drooling all over his beard and still snoring terribly. It was a horrible sight. But Plucky quickly perked up when he looked to the chair by the bed. There was the pink apron hanging on the back.

Plucky tiptoed to the door. He had to be careful to open it gently. If the captain caught him, he'd be a goner. He whispered to himself, "I will fooling," trying to muster up his courage. But when Plucky silently nudged the door, it wouldn't move. It was locked.

Plucky thought for a moment. Maybe he



could go through a window. But the only open window was above the captain's bed. It was too risky. Then Plucky thought of something else. He

pulled the clam shucker out of his pocket. Maybe he could use his new clam-shucking skills to pry open the lock.

Plucky wedged the shucker into the crack by the doorknob. He moved it up and down. Then he jiggled it back and forth. And then he moved it up and down again. It really was just like a clam, and after a few minutes, the shucking began to work. The door popped right open. Now all Plucky had to do was grab the apron without waking the captain.

The walk to the apron was short. It was only about 10 feet. Plucky made the journey

on his tiptoes. And in just a few seconds, he was gently lifting the apron off the chair. This was easier than Plucky expected. The captain was fast asleep. Plucky was minutes away from freedom.



But Plucky wasn't as careful as he should have been. As he turned to leave, he bumped into the chair. It slid slightly across the rough wooden floor,

making a terrible scratching sound something like this: "sccccrrrrrtttccchhh." Plucky froze in his tracks, hoping the captain wouldn't hear. But it was too late. Before Plucky knew what was happening, the captain was sitting upright in bed. He looked confused at first. But when he saw Plucky, he knew exactly what was going on.

"Trying to steal from me, eh?" he yelled. Plucky was still frozen in terror. In his head, a shocked and frightened Plucky said to himself, "Oh boy oh boy Wahoo!" Should he try to talk his way out of this, he wondered? He concluded that the answer to this was definitely "no." Instead, he turned and ran for his life.

Unfortunately, the captain was a fast runner himself. And he was howling mad, which can make a person even quicker than normal.



As Plucky dashed across the yard, the captain came closer and closer. In fact, Plucky was pretty sure that he'd soon be locked up in the watch house. But as they raced past the pile of clams, the captain suddenly screamed in terror. Plucky looked to

his side just in time to see the captain flying in midair. He had slipped on one of the slimy clamshells. In the next instant, he was on his back screaming in pain. He sounded like a lion with a thorn in its foot. Plucky didn't stop to help him up. He just jumped on the back of his bike and kept going. And minutes later, he was at Ms. White's door proposing his trade.

"Thank you so much!" was all Ms. White could say. "My apron! My apron!" Eventually, though, she understood what Plucky was asking.

"May I have the 20 brussels sprouts now?" he said over and over.

"I promise we'll pay you when we sell the Runny Cucumber cheese."

At last, Ms. White replied.

"Of course you can," she said. She quickly tied the apron around her waist and led Plucky to her storage shed.

"You can take all the brussels sprouts you like."

It took Plucky about ten minutes to load up the wagon on the back of his bike. And soon he was on his way back to Hog Hollow Farm. It was time to feed Stimpy.

"This should be interesting," Plucky said to himself.



## **Chapter 4: A Trip to the Ice Cream Factory**

And it was interesting. Stimpy was overjoyed when Plucky walked in with the brussels sprouts, and he immediately began throwing them into his mouth, eating nearly all of them in a wild toothy burst. It was one of the most remarkable things Plucky had ever seen. Those 20 brussels sprouts had completely filled the wagon attached to

Plucky's bike. And now they were being mashed up in Stimpy's stomach. Plucky wondered if all of Stimpy's people ate like this.

And truthfully, it was also fairly disgusting. If you've ever seen an alien from Nicktoons eat, you understand Plucky's feelings of sickness. Stimpy's tongue hung out. His eyes turned red. He grunted and groaned, making a noise like a broken object. And the glittering golden slime continued to ooze from his body. In fact, after watching this scene, Plucky felt as though he ought to lie down. All that work that afternoon was hard enough. But watching Stimpy eat was making him feel very ill.

Plucky had a feeling his work wasn't done, and Stimpy brought this matter up halfway through his feast of brussels sprouts. "I need one more thing!" he said, his mouth full of brussels sprouts.





"If I don't cool off somehow, I think I might melt away. I need you to bring me ice."

"Can't I just get you a fan?" Plucky asked.

"It won't cool me down enough. I need ice!"

Plucky was still exhausted from all the clam shucking. But the strange golden sweat continued to drip off Stimpy's body, and he looked absolutely miserable even though he wasn't hungry anymore. Worse, just as Plucky was going to ask if he could take a break first, Stimpy started crying again.

"I'm hot," he wailed through his tears.

"I'm hot. You've got to help me."

"Okay, okay," Plucky quickly said.

"Don't cry. I'll get you the ice."

"But I need a lot of it. 22 pounds!"

Plucky was shocked by this number. But he didn't think he could stand to hear Stimpy cry anymore. He really was a very unusual alien. "I'll see what I can do," Plucky finally replied, and he left Stimpy alone in the tool shed.

There was really only one place where Plucky could get so much ice. It was called the Castle Ice Cream Factory, and it sat just on the far edge of Hog Hollow. So, without delay, Plucky hitched the large wagon back onto his bike and rode off to town.

The Castle Ice Cream Factory was famous for its delicious strawberry, cupcake, and cheesecakes flavors, which were all so unique because of the factory's secret ingredient: pure sugar. The Castle Ice Cream Factory was owned by a Mr. Timon Meekrat, who was a short man with light-red hair and a small beard that looked like a caterpillar was

walking across his chin.



He lived in a large house right across from the factory, and was married to a woman known to be slightly insane. Mr. Meekrat was also always in a

rush, and he liked to yell "I don't care about this crap!" as he ran around his enormous factory. The other interesting thing about Mr. Meekrat was that the entire top row of his teeth was gold, which Plucky always found a little strange.

Mr. Meekrat also knew Plucky pretty well, because Plucky often came by to pick up white-pink ice cream for his aunt. And the matter of the white-pink ice cream came up just after Plucky arrived at the factory and asked for Stimpy's ice.

"You want 22 pounds of ice?" Mr. Meekrat yelled, his gold teeth flashing in the factory lights. "But you already owe me for the 30 tubs of white-pink I've given you this year! Now you want 22 pounds of ice?"

"It's very important," Plucky said as sweetly as he possibly could.

"Important for what?"

Plucky halted for a moment. He couldn't very well say for a hideous but apparently friendly alien who was too hot. Finally, Plucky said, "We need it for the goats. They're overheated."

"Overheated goats!" Mr. Meekrat screamed. "I've never heard of such a thing."

"It's one of the greatest problems goats face," Plucky said.

"Well, even if that is true, you can't have the ice because you owe me too much money already."

This was not what Plucky wanted to hear.

"Please?" he said just one more time. But again, Mr. Meekrat replied with a very firm "No!"

All Plucky could do was wonder where else he was going to find ice for Stimpy. But then a strange look came over Mr. Meekrat's face. And in another second, he was smiling slightly. "Actually, I might be able to make a deal," he finally said. "I'm having a bit of a problem. If you can help me out, I'll let you have the ice."

"What's the problem?" Plucky quickly asked, somewhat dreading the answer.

"Follow me," Mr. Meekrat replied as he started walking.



Plucky and Mr. Meekrat walked along the huge metal vats where the ice cream was

frozen. They went by the huge ice cream mixers. And finally they arrived at a large metal door labeled "Storeroom."

Mr. Meekrat turned the doorknob, then looked back at Plucky and said, "How do you feel about rats?"

Plucky wasn't quite sure how to answer this question. Honestly, he didn't think they bothered him. But when Mr. Meekrat opened the door and Plucky saw all the rats running through the ice cream supplies, he decided that, in fact, they grossed him out.

"Yuck!" Plucky said. But just as he said this, all the rats scurried into little holes at the side of the room.

"I can't get rid of them," Mr. Meekrat said. "If you can get them out of here, I'll give you the ice and let you pay me later." And with that, Mr. Meekrat left Plucky alone to think through the problem.

The fact was that Plucky knew next to

nothing about rats.

And he certainly had no idea how to get rid of them. He looked around the storeroom and saw that they were all safely hidden away



in their holes. There was another door besides the one Plucky came in that led outside. If Plucky could just lure the rats out that door... But Plucky could come up with no way to do this. The fact was, Plucky just didn't know how to do much of anything besides make cheese. This was a fairly depressing fact to poor Plucky, but as he thought about it a little more, he remembered the thing his aunt always said about Runny Cucumber cheese. Rats absolutely hated the smell, and that's why they never had problems with creepy little animals at Hog Hollow Farm. Before even

finishing his thought, Plucky ran out of the factory, yelled, "I'll be right back!" to Mr. Meekrat, jumped on his bike, and peddled home as fast as he could.

When he arrived, he raced past Aunt Winnie "Pig", who was trimming the apple trees, past the tool shed, and into the large "Aging House," where the Runny Cucumber cheese was stored. He picked out 7 of the large cheeses and loaded them into the wagon attached to the back of his bike. Then he started his return journey to the Castle Ice Cream Factory.

"Plucky, why are you taking my cheeses?" Aunt Winnie "Pig" yelled from her ladder as Plucky took off.

"I'm using them to chase away rats," Plucky replied.

"Really? Well, good luck." Aunt Winnie "Pig" was a very permissive aunt and let Plucky do just as he liked. But she also knew





that Plucky was a careful young boy and that he would bring the cheeses back intact.

When Plucky arrived back at the Castle Ice Cream

Factory, he unhitched his wagon and pulled it with the 7 cheeses through the front door. Mr. Meekrat immediately spotted him and asked him what he was doing.

"I'm getting rid of the rats," Plucky said. "Now, I need a large fan. Could you please bring it to the storeroom?"

"I don't think so," Mr. Meekrat said.

"Please," Plucky replied.

"I know what I'm doing here. I can get rid of the rats."

Mr. Meekrat still hesitated. But after another moment, he went off to find a fan.



When Plucky got to the storeroom, the rats were once again rummaging around in the supplies. And when Plucky opened the door and turned on the lights,

they once again scurried to their little holes.

The room was fairly big - about the size of Plucky's living room - but the smell of the cheese quickly started to overpower it. Just then, Mr. Meekrat appeared with the fan.

Plucky plugged it in and balanced it on the back of his wagon just behind the cheese. He then turned the fan on, and soon the smell of Runny Cucumber cheese was the only odor in the room.

"That's not the right way to get rid of those rats," Mr. Meekrat said angrily.

"They hate it," Plucky said.

"Rats hate this cheese," although he was suddenly beginning to have doubts. Plucky closed the door that led to the factory and opened the door that led outside. Plucky could see Mr. Meekrat's house right across the street.

Still, none of the rats seemed to be stirring.

At this point, Plucky pulled the wagon just outside one of the larger rat holes. He positioned the fan so it was blowing over the cheese and into the hole. If this didn't work, Plucky would have to start looking for another way to get the ice. But after a few seconds, Plucky heard squeaking and scurrying. It sounded like a pack of sick and angry rats, and in another second, rats started pouring out of the hole, past the supplies and right out the door.

And as Plucky moved the wagon with the fan and the cheese to hole after hole, rats continued to stagger out, overcome with the

strong smell of Runny Cucumber cheese and very displeased by what was happening to their home. They hated the smell so much that they actually put their teeny paws over their noses.



Soon rats at the Castle Ice Cream Factory were pouring out of the storeroom's back door. There were hundreds of them, and they were doing everything they could to get away from the smell. Plucky now had the fan and the cheese back in the middle of the room and was blowing the cheesy air in all directions. But just at this point, a small problem arose with Plucky's plan. Once the rats left the factory, they had to go somewhere else. At first, they just wandered around outside the door. But

once they realized the smell wasn't going away, they came up with another alternative. Soon, hundreds of rats were running across the street to Mr. Meekrat's house.

Plucky and Mr. Meekrat watched in stunned silence as they swarmed over to Mr. Meekrat's home and started digging tunnels, jumping through open windows and charging through the basement door.



"I don't think this is very good news," Mr. Meekrat finally said, his gold teeth still glittering. He was now standing outside scratching his head

as he watched all the rats go by. But he seemed to be worried about something other than the rats. In a few more seconds, Plucky understood what that was. Mr. Meekrat's wife

came running out of the house swinging a large broom and screaming "Timon, you blockhead." Normally, when Mrs. Meekrat was scared she would hide in a closet, but now she wasn't just scared - although rats did terrify her - she was also incredibly angry. She ran right across the road, down the Castle Ice Cream Factory driveway and right up to Mr. Meekrat, and smacked him across the head with her broom. Mr. Meekrat was too surprised to defend himself. But after the first hit, he got the message and started running, Mrs. Meekrat close behind.

Plucky watched for a moment, wondering what to do next. He felt sorry for Mr. Meekrat. But there wasn't much he could do for him. Instead, Plucky wheeled his wagon back into the Castle Ice Cream Factory and loaded it with blocks of ice. Then he grabbed the cheeses. And in the next moment, he was on his way back to Hog Hollow Farm.





## **Chapter 5: An Unexpected Visit**

Needless to say, Stimpy was extremely happy when Plucky arrived with the ice. "Thanks a lot!" he said. He quickly built a pile of ice on the ground and perched himself right on top of it. "I feeling much better now," he said.

"Happy to have helped," Plucky replied. And Plucky was happy. It was a good day's work, and he really had helped Stimpy quite a



bit.



But there was one nagging problem that Plucky kept thinking about. Was he going to have to feed Stimpy 20 brussels sprouts and get him 22

pounds of ice every single day? This hardly seemed possible. They had to come up with a better solution. Plucky looked at the glittering sweat that had hardened on the ground and thought about the problem. The hardened sweat actually reminded him of something. He just couldn't figure out what.

But then something happened that quickly took Plucky's attention away from Stimpy. He heard the sound of a car pulling up to the farm. And when he looked out the door, he saw that it was the banker, Mr. Thaddeus

Plotz, driving up in a limousine. This didn't seem like good news. In fact, it was just what Aunt Winnie "Pig" had been worried about.



Mr. Thaddeus Plotz was a short man with dark hair, a weird look on his face, and a comically bushy moustache. Despite his comical

moustache, however, Mr. Thaddeus Plotz was fairly frightening, as was clear from the way that Aunt Winnie "Pig" reacted when she saw him getting out of a limousine. Frankly, she looked pretty scared. Plucky remembered his aunt saying that it was something about the banker's phony accent when he speaks that made her so nervous. And as he approached her and they started talking, Plucky could see that she

was upset even though he couldn't hear what they were saying. Plucky thought about running down to them but then thought better of it. This was clearly a conversation better left to his aunt.

The conversation went on for some time. Mr. Thaddeus Plotz was now writing things down in a small yellow notebook. Aunt Winnie



"Pig" continued to talk, waving her hands in the air and pointing to various places on the farm while Mr. Thaddeus Plotz jotted down what he heard. Plucky couldn't hear her, but he knew she was upset. Finally, after about ten minutes of talking, pointing and jotting things down, Mr. Thaddeus Plotz got in his car and drove off. Aunt Winnie

"Pig" stood still for a moment watching him drive away. She looked too stunned to move and quite suddenly burst into tears.



Plucky quickly ran to her, but his Aunt was inconsolable. "Oh, Plucky," she cried. "The farm is gonna die, and I will be

sad. Mr. Thaddeus Plotz says we'll have to sell Hog Hollow. We're going to lose the farm. We're going to lose the goats. We're going to lose the Runny Cucumber cheese. And we'll have no place to live. We'll have no place to go."

At this point, Aunt Winnie "Pig" started crying even harder, and Plucky couldn't understand anything more she said.

Things carried on like this for some time.

But eventually, Aunt Winnie

"Pig" calmed down some. She insisted that things were very, very bad for them, but she also said that they might be able to think of something; she just didn't know what.

"Oh No," she said, several times, her eyes now drying slightly.

Plucky didn't know what to say. He wanted to comfort his aunt, but he couldn't think of how. Just as he was puzzling over this matter, though, he heard a strange sound. It was coming from the tool shed. It was a loud, booming noise that sounded like "Burrrrrraaaaghhhhh." When it happened again, Plucky realized that it was coughing. Stimpy was coughing, and since they were fairly far away from the tool shed, Stimpy was coughing at a thundering volume. Aunt Winnie "Pig" looked very surprised. Just as suddenly the coughing stopped.

"What was that?" she said after it became



quiet again.

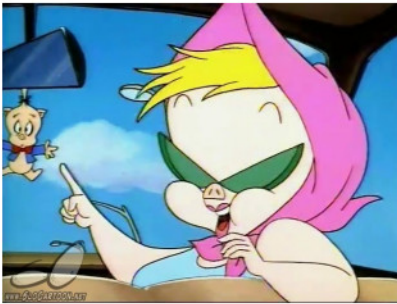
Plucky didn't know what to say. It occurred to Plucky that it might not be the best time to tell his aunt about Stimpy. She didn't

really need anything else to worry about just then, especially not an alien living in her tool shed. On the other side of things, at moments like this it's often best to be absolutely honest. Still, he wasn't sure. But then the coughing started again. "Burrerrrraaaaghhhhh. Burrerrrraaaaghhhhh," sounded from the tool shed, and Plucky realized Aunt Winnie "Pig" was going to find out about Stimpy one way or another. "There's something else you should probably know," Plucky finally said, not knowing how to continue.

"Yes?" Aunt Winnie

"Pig" said.

The coughing was now extremely loud. It sounded like Stimpy had swallowed some what food he had. What to say next was a tricky problem for Plucky, though. How do you tell someone about an alien hiding in a tool shed? Plucky decided he'd just say it as plainly as he could. "There's a hideous-looking but quite friendly creature from outer space hiding in our tool shed."



Aunt Winnie

"Pig" laughed when she heard this.

"That's great Plucky," she said, now smiling through her drying tears.

"I never know what's going to come out of your mouth next. You can really cheer me up."

Plucky paused. "No, really," he said.

"There's a creature from outer space. Right in the tool shed. He can talk to goats. I'll show you."

Plucky then headed towards the tool shed with his aunt following close behind.

"I don't know what's going on here, Plucky," his aunt said as they entered.

"But maybe this isn't the best time for this."

She started to say something else - something about the difficulties of running a goat farm - but before she could complete the sentence, she stopped dead in her tracks. She was standing in front of Stimpy. Clearly this was no trick.

"I swallowed a very bad food," Stimpy said, almost in a whisper.

"I'm afraid creatures from my planet can't really do that."

Stimpy was now smiling as broadly as he could. He was clearly eager for Aunt Winnie "Pig" to like him. He began coughing again.



In between coughing  
spasms he  
screeched,  
"Please don't hurt  
me. I promise I will  
never get hurt.  
Only please don't  
hurt me!



Pleeeeeeaseee."

Needless to say, Aunt Winnie  
"Pig" was quite shocked with what was  
before her. She hardly knew what to say. But  
after a pause, she finally yelled,  
"One of you stole my cheeses!"

Stimpy smiled broadly again. But he  
looked extremely guilty. And then he started  
pleading, "It wasn't me. It wasn't me. The  
goats said we could. Please, please, please  
don't hurt me."

At this, Plucky almost started laughing. It  
was just such a strange sight. The incident



with Mr. Thaddeus Plotz was still on his mind, so he hardly thought that laughing at anything now was a good idea. But then he looked over at his

aunt and saw that she was almost happy. Finally she started chuckling slightly and said, "I knew I wasn't crazy." Now her laughter was out of control. "I knew something stole my cheese that day," she said, laughing wildly. It was a strange sight, and Plucky didn't quite know what to make of it. But his aunt's mood changed again. She laughed a little more. Then she smiled. And then she started frowning. And then she burst into tears once again.

"Oh, Plucky," she finally said.  
"I can't even enjoy this."

Plucky looked over at his aunt. This was just too much. He couldn't bear to see his aunt continue to cry. But just at that moment he realized what Stimpy's hardened, glittering sweat had reminded him of. He walked over and chipped off a piece and held it in his hands. He looked at it for some time, puzzling over it, as he remembered Mr. Meekrat's top row of gold teeth.

All at once,  
Plucky charged to  
the tool shed's door.  
He got so excited  
that he jumped up  
and down in place.



"I've got to go to  
Hog Hollow," he  
yelled over his shoulder.

"Take care of Stimpy."

"What's going on?" Aunt Winnie  
"Pig" called after him.

"Yippee, Wahoo!," Plucky yelled.  
"I'll be back in a bit." In the next instant,  
Plucky was on the road toward town.



## **Chapter 6: A Startling Discovery**

Plucky ran all the way to Hog Hollow without stopping. He ran past Captain Prince John's house, past Ms. White's vegetable stand, and past the Castle Ice Cream Factory. He passed the usual gang of people that lined the streets: the mayor, the barber, the soft-drink delivery man, a young woman talking to a man, and many others. He kept going until he ran right into the bank.

Plucky paused for a moment just inside the door. He wondered for a second if he was crazy to even be there. But just as quickly, he thought about Mr. Meekrat's teeth again. Seconds later, he pushed the golden chip of slime through the banker's window where Mr. Thaddeus Plotz, back from his trip to Hog Hollow Farm, was now sitting.

"Can you tell me what this is?" Plucky said.



Mr. Thaddeus Plotz looked at Plucky suspiciously through his little window. When Plucky gave the short, angry-looking man the hardened

slime, Mr. Thaddeus Plotz actually sneered. He took the slime, grunted at Plucky, then walked into a back room where he stayed for exactly five minutes. Finally, he returned. He

was still sneering. He pushed the chip of hardened, glittering slime back through the window and said, very gruffly, "Gold."

"Gold?" Plucky said.

"Gold," Mr. Thaddeus Plotz said.

"Mostly gold. Some strange substance mixed up in it. But mostly gold. Almost pure gold."

Plucky hardly knew what to do. He thought about saved the farm and helped his pet allen out and screaming for joy, but, fortunately for Plucky, he quickly decided this might not be such a good idea. Instead, he said, "Can I trade it in for money?"

"Well, this is a bank," Mr. Thaddeus Plotz replied, still acting very annoyed.

"Then I want money," Plucky said, sliding the chip back through the window. Mr. Thaddeus Plotz again disappeared for another five minutes. He returned with a big stack of bank notes. He handed over more money than

Plucky had ever seen, let alone held. It was certainly more than enough to pay all the bills that he and Aunt Winnie "Pig" had racked up. And there was a whole floor covered with the golden slime back home.



Plucky could hardly wait to get back to Aunt Winnie "Pig" to tell her the news. But as he ran back through town, he decided to make a quick stop at the Castle Ice Cream Factory.

"I've got the money for that ice," Plucky proudly announced as he saw Mr. Meekrat, who now had a rather large bandage on his head.

Mr. Meekrat hardly even looked up. "Right," he said, not believing Plucky at all.





But when Plucky held out the bank notes, his mood quickly changed. "I'm so sorry about that duck kid," Mr. Meekrat said, his gold teeth catching a

glimmer of sunlight through the window. But Plucky barely heard him. He was already out the door and off to tell Aunt Winnie "Pig" about his discovery.

When he arrived back at Hog Hollow, Plucky found his aunt sitting on a chair outside the tool shed. Plucky could tell she had been crying again. And before he could say a word, she said, "I'm so glad you're back, Plucky. I really don't want you to leave me alone right now."

Plucky started yammering about the money. Everything came out strangely,

however, and Aunt

Winnie

"Pig" couldn't

understand a word

Plucky said. Plucky

meant to tell Aunt

Winnie

"Pig" something

about how all their problems were solved

because Stimpy had been sweating gold. But

it sounded more like, "Money, Slime, Gold,

Sweat, Rich, Nicktoons, Stimpy," which, as is

absolutely obvious, doesn't really mean

anything. At last, Plucky just reached into his

pocket and pulled out the wad of cash he had.

Aunt Winnie "Pig"'s eyes suddenly bulged and she bolted upright.

"Where did you get that money, young man?"

she yelled. She looked very nervous, as

though Plucky had done something like rob

the post office.



Plucky grabbed her hand and pulled her into the tool shed. "Stimpy's sweat," Plucky said as they made it to the shed's far corner. "It's gold! I sold a tiny chip at the bank. And this is what I got for it." Plucky again held up his wad of cash.



"Please, please  
don't hurt me!"  
Stimpy yelled,  
clearly not  
understanding the  
good news. Aunt  
Winnie

"Pig" still hardly understood herself. She stared at the pool of Stimpy's hardened sweaty slime as though this was all the strangest thing she had ever seen. In fact, most likely it was the strangest thing she had ever seen, or ever would, for that matter. But as the news set in, and the sight of the money proved Plucky's point,

Aunt Winnie "Pig" began to grab them for joy. This was hardly the way she expected to save Hog Hollow Farm and her Runny Cucumber cheese. But it was much, much better than anything she could have possibly dreamed up.

"What, what, what?" Stimpie was now screaming at the top of his lungs. And then he added, once again, "Please, please, please don't hurt me."

"Stimpie," Aunt Winnie "Pig" finally said. "I promise that we will never, ever, ever hurt you."

Stimpie smiled broadly at this, although it was clear that he really had no idea what was happening.

In the next week, Plucky and Aunt Winnie "Pig" chipped up the rest of the slime. They took it all to the Hog Hollow Bank to sell. They brought their money back to Hog Hollow Farm in the same wagon Plucky used

for the brussels sprouts and the ice. They raised so much money that they nearly filled an entire room of the farmhouse with it.

And that fall, they spent their money with great enthusiasm. They of course gave Mr. Thaddeus Plotz a big stack of cash to settle their bills with him, who responded by saying, "Too bad, I was hoping to take your farm." And they paid off the various other people they owed money - even Captain Prince John. In fact, the captain was so pleased that he said, "Thanks and I am so sorry for scaring you," and forgave Plucky for the apron incident. The sailors who witnessed this exchange hugged each other for joy. In addition, much of the money was also used to improve the farm. They even built an enormous new goat barn. It was the most luxurious and breathtaking barn in the history of goat farming. It had a basketball court, marble floors, and platinum doorknobs. It was fully

heated. And Aunt Winnie

"Pig" even put in a huge hot tub, a thing all goats love.



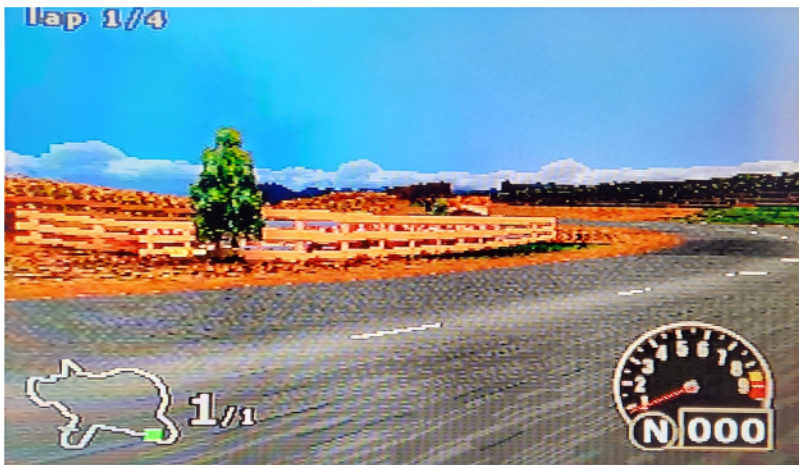
Plucky, on the other hand, spent his share of the money in a more reasonable manner. The goats were in good care. His Aunt could have anything she wanted

which, in fact, was nothing other than her Runny Cucumber cheese and Hog Hollow Farm, so Plucky could do what he liked without feeling guilty. He got all the things he most wanted in the world. He bought a new video game. He bought a new silk bathrobe that had large green stripes running up and down it. He even bought a sail boat which he kept docked near the captain's house.

And brussels sprouts. Plucky also spent

money on lots of brussels sprouts. He bought entire truckloads for Stimpy from all the local growers. On top of that, Plucky and his aunt hired some people to build a huge cabin with a large picture window where Stimpy could live. It was kept very cool, and through the window, Stimpy could watch the goats as they grazed. Stimpy had many conversations with the goats. He told them about his life on Planet Nicktoons (which he described as being a bad and boring place) and how he had been chased across the universe by bad guys who wanted to lock him up. They told him, or so he reported, about the high quality of grass at Hog Hollow Farm, the hole in the ceiling that causes water to drip on us when it rains, and various other things that concern goats. And Stimpy got along with Plucky and Aunt Winnie "Pig" as well. Since Stimpy had decided not to return home, he sent a message back to Planet Nicktoons, which

read: "Dear Interplanetary Authority, I've decided to stay on Earth because it's a nicer place than Planet Nicktoons." At first, he had been very worried about being turned over to the police. But his fears died down after a while, and he lived very happily at Hog Hollow Farm knowing that no one would ever hurt him.







Melissa Ruegger has been writing since the age of ten. However this book marks the first of many chapter books to come. She has a father named Tom Ruegger (who was a animator and producer) for the Tiny Toons and Animaniacs animated line for the "S.S. Director's Chair" software. Melissa was born and still living in Hollywood along with his father

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